

# Knoxville Chronicle.

SUPPLEMENT.

## FARMS. Continued.

No. 256. PRICE, \$8  
A farm containing about seven hundred and fifty acres, two hundred and sixty in cultivation. Situated seven miles from Morristown, East Tennessee, on road leading from Daudridge to Greeneville. Railroad five miles distant. On stream navigable for flat-boats.

Good stone dwelling house, with out-buildings, stables, &c. Good peach and apple orchard, select fruit. There is a never-failing well at the door, and a good spring near the house.

Timber, black oak, white oak, post oak, pine on the bottom, walnut, gum and cherry, and all as convenient as could be desired.

Soil, on the bottom, black sand; upland, yellow mulatto. Wheat yield, 20 to 30 bushels per acre; Corn, from 60 to 100. Good brick church 1 1/2 miles distant. This is one of the most valuable farms in this section, and for a gentleman of means would make a very desirable home.

No. 252. PRICE, \$10 per Acre  
Seventy or eighty acres of land near the town of Clinton, East Tennessee.

Also, some five acres of land in village of Clinton, on which is a two-story house containing eight rooms, with smoke house, stable, &c. Price, \$2,000.

FRUIT. No. 253. PRICE, \$1,500

Farm three miles from Rockwood, Cumberland county, East Tennessee, containing 280 or more acres, thirty acres in cultivation. New frame house with five rooms. Twenty acres in orchard. Excellent water, both chalybeate and free stone.

No. 255.

Farm of 216 acres, situated in Knox co., 5 miles from Knoxville, on Montgomery road, 150 acres in cultivation, 60 acres in good timber. A creek runs through the farm, and there is a fine spring on it. Improvements consist of a large two-story brick house of 8 rooms, two barns and other out-buildings. Apple and peach orchard of 300 trees. Land slightly rolling, soil good. Being only 2 1/2 miles from a station on East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, and but 5 miles from Knoxville, it is very desirable in location. Price, \$8,000, one-half cash, balance in two equal annual payments.

No. 256.

Farm of 200 acres, about 30 in cultivation, half of which is river bottom, situated on Tellico river, in Monroe county, 10 miles from county seat, 10 miles from railroad, and 25 miles from Knoxville, and on the line of railroad projected from Macon, Georgia, to Knoxville. Two-story frame house, tenant house, stable, &c. School and church convenient. Price, \$2,500.

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Underwriters Agency, N.Y., " 3,000,000 "  
Phoenix, Brooklyn, " 1,000,000 "  
Andes, Cincinnati, " 1,000,000 "

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## The Two Troubles.

It was a cold, dismal evening in November, that two laborers might have been seen wending their way along the streets of a large manufacturing town.

Slowly they proceeded with dejected countenances, not exchanging a word until the one whom we shall call Smith halted before a neat little house and unlatched the gate. Then there was such a look of utter misery and despair gleaming from his eyes, that his companion murmured, "We must trust in God, Smith."

"Yes," he articulated gloomily, and going to the cradle took up the six weeks' old baby, and sorrowfully pressed it to his heart.

"I do wish you would put that child down and get ready for supper," exclaimed his wife, after enduring his gloominess for some time.

He slowly obeyed, and then seated himself at the table with a sigh.

"What in the world is the matter with you to-night?" she asked, as she sat down opposite him.

His voice trembled as he replied, "I suppose you might as well know first as last I have been discharged."

"There!" exclaimed his wife quickly, pushing back her chair; "just what I might have expected! I'd like to know what we are going to do now. Winter coming on and all. I declare, Smith, you will torture me to death."

"I am very sorry, Lydia, but I cannot help it."

"Sorry! No, you are not sorry at all. You would just as lief see your wife and children starve as not. It's nothing in the world but your poor managing."

"Lydia, you are cruel. Instead of helping me to endure my great trouble, which is bearing me down to the earth, you make it ten times harder to bear. I was not the only one discharged. There was Jim Hawley and ever so many others. Business is dull."

"Business is dull! she mimicked after him. "Always an excuse for a worthless man. To think that you should be discharged now, just as our rent is due; and then we are out of work; and look at my shoes, won't you? my feet almost on the ground. I wish I had never married you," and a dark look accompanied the last words. The poor husband covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. This seemed to encourage his wife to go on; for she uttered words more and more bitter, until at last, driven almost to a state of frenzy, the wretched man rushed from the house to the tavern, and there sought to bury the thoughts of the past and future in the rum cup.

In the mean time James Hawley, his companion to labor, entered his home with a very sad countenance. But before he had stepped over the threshold a loving pair of arms were thrown around his neck and a pair of sweet lips were pressed to his. He returned the salutation sadly, and then inquired for the baby.

"She is sleeping sweetly in her cradle. She has been a perfect little darling all day. Supper is waiting, so make haste. Here is warm water and a towel. Are you not later than usual, to-night?"

"Yes Alice, I bring bad news to you."

"Bad news!" she exclaimed, turning pale as, for the first time, she noticed that something was wrong.

"Yes; I was discharged to-night, and I do not know as I can get anything to do before spring. Business is so dull."

"Is that all?" asked his wife with a sigh of relief. "I thought it was something terrible, the way you looked."

"And is it not terrible enough? What will become of us this winter if I am out of employment?"

"The same God who feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies in the field will not let us suffer, dear James."

"God bless you, dear Alice. There is sweet comfort in your words."

"And now let us have supper," exclaimed his wife, cheerfully. "See, I have your favorite dish—shortcake and toast. Do not let your troubles impair your appetite, and then after tea, we will talk it over. God doeth everything for the best. And as our day is, so shall our strength be."

In the evening it was determined that a quarter's rent should be paid immediately, a new supply of coal obtained, and the remaining portion of the money be placed in the wife's hands to be dealt out as sparingly as possible.

Then Alice suggested that all her pretty parlor furniture be put away in the garret, and the front room let out. Further than this they could lay no plans, and as the husband went out to pay the rent, the future looked so dark to the young wife that she could not altogether restrain her tears; but seeking strength from on high, her face wore the same cheerful smile when her husband returned, and little did he know that all that night long, while he and his baby were soundly sleeping, his wife lay awake planning for the future.

Three months have passed without a day's work all that time, and now another quarter's rent is due. In vain the laborer thrusts his hands into his empty pockets, and in vain racks his brains for some solution to the problem how the rent is to be paid. The lodger has paid his money monthly, but then that was not enough to meet the sum, if he had it, and of course his wife had spent that as fast as she had received it, and it was an everyday wonder how Alice managed so well.

With feelings of deep despair he entered the house. The table was spread with the same favorite dish. There was the shortcake and toast, flanked with a golden lump of butter, a plate of honey, and a deep dish of roasted apples, to be served with sugar and cream, while at his wife's plate sat the steaming teapot. As James took it in, all at one glance, he greatly wondered at the frugal way of living. How his wife had been able to make the small amount of money last so long was a mystery to him and yet he could not help wishing inwardly that she had been more economical; then, perhaps, the rent

might have been paid, and he felt that it would be better to have subsisted on one crust of bread than be turned of doors homeless.

He refused to sit at the table, pleading that he had no appetite. And a great large tear arose in the strong man's eyes as he informed his wife that on the morrow they would be turned from their home, to go he knew not where, as he had not a dollar in his pocket to secure them a room elsewhere.

"Is that it?" exclaimed his wife, in a soft tone, and tripped up stairs, and soon returned and placed two ten-dollar bills in his hand.

"Where did you get them?" he asked eagerly, turning them over in his hands as though to ascertain whether they were really genuine or not.

"I earned them," replied his wife gayly. "I knit afghans, shawls, children's hoods, saques and socks—at first only for those whom I providentially heard wished articles of the kind, and afterwards was employed to furnish a trimming establishment with my work."

"And kept it a secret from me?"

"Yes, for I thought you would be worried for fear I was doing too much. I love to knit dearly, and consider it more pleasant pastime than labor."

"God be praised for giving me such a wife!" exclaimed her husband, earnestly; and pressing his wife and child closely to his bosom, said: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her; for many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Twenty years have passed, and James Hawley is a rich man. But Joseph Smith is a confirmed drunkard, while his wife has long since passed from earth, a victim of misery and want.

Why will not wives assist their husbands to bear their trials with helping hands and hearts? If they would but do so, how many families would be saved from ruin, and how sweet be their reward, not only upon earth, but in Heaven.

The East Tennessee Agricultural Society.

You must bear with me, Mr. Editor, if I should frequently ask you to be heard, through your columns, in behalf of the East Tennessee Agricultural Society. As you are aware, we have no organ, and, therefore, must rely upon the press of this city and of East Tennessee to aid us in the prosecution of our plans. It seems to me, from my standpoint, that you could not perform a nobler work than that of advocating and urging the claims of this institution. In doing so you are helping the people and doing your section a vast amount of good.

I would kindly suggest, at the outset, that Knoxville has not, and does not give that encouragement to this undertaking which its importance demands. Her citizens must not complain if I thus write.

"Am I become your enemy because I tell you the truth?" If I express myself freely, frankly, it is because I feel an emphatic and decided interest in the triumphant success of our cause. The citizens of Knoxville ought to increase the capital stock of the society at least one hundred per cent., and then not do more than one half of their duty. They could do this and not feel it. That they would be largely benefited, peculiarly, no one can question. Who better understand this than our own business men? They know it to be so. It is utterly impossible to make an investment of this kind and not reap the fruits of it. But independent of this, there is a predominant feeling of pride and laudible ambition involved that should prompt every good citizen to do something. We have the institution located in our midst. Its shadow rests upon the very brow of our beautiful city, and should be made one of its chief attractions. To adorn and beautify it, ought to be a pleasure. I have always thought that the city council should have, long ago, accepted the proposition made by the directors to take the grounds and convert them into a city park. What a delightful place could be made of them! How pleasant it would be to visit them during the spring and summer months! Money expended upon them to adorn them and make them attractive would be a most judicious expenditure. A community never loses anything by augmenting the innocent, but exhilarating pleasures of its citizens. Cheerfulness and hilarity of spirits promotes a healthful action of the physical organs, helps digestion amazingly, and throws sunshine upon an otherwise darkened pathway.

We must come to the realization of the startling truth that indifference is withering this enterprise. It is doing it every day, slowly but surely. Its vitality is being sapped and undermined. We may not be conscious of it, I confess, yet it is too true. This wonderful enterprise should be deeply imbedded in the affections of every man, woman and child in the community. They should love it, and cherish it as the "apple of their eye." Can our enterprising citizens suppose, for a moment, that it can survive without material aid or support? Can we "make brick without straw?" Will the institution sustain itself? We tell them, nay! It is not endowed with the attribute of self-locomotion, any more than the Knoxville Iron Company. It must have support, ample support, or else it will go down with a fearful crash. The "troubled times" are already upon us. The inexorable creditor is now "crying away" at the door of the treasury, and demanding admittance. Our throats are seized and dyed required. What will we do? Are we going to ignore our obligations? Will we refuse to come to the rescue?

As yet, I have no means of knowing what plans the Finance Committee will adopt to clear up our financial skies, but I have, as the country has, unbounded confidence in their capacity to devise ways and means to lead us out of our troubles. They are all men of energy, pluck and brains, and are equal to the emergency.

C. W. CHARLTON,  
Secretary E. T. Ag. S.

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IN

## EAST TENNESSEE.

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